



75

DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN



Capri II
90

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DAN U

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SPAWN 74 Summary

Sam and Twitch ponder the results of their research on Lt. Colonel Al Simmons. Meanwhile, Spawn continues to battle the Heap until he ends up engulfed by the mass of trash just as Cog and Bootsy arrive to save him. When Bootsy kneels to pray for help, he finds the sigil of the HellSpawn, a token signifying that Spawn is indeed gone. Elsewhere, Spawn falls into dark space where the former Eddie Beckett awaits for him and points him toward a light source and where he is welcomed 'home'.

IS THIS
HOW IT
FEELS? TO
EMERGE
FROM THE
STILL
WOMB OF
DARKNESS...



TO GAZE
UPON THE
SLOWLY
OPENING
EYE OF
CREATION...



FLOATING IN
LIQUID NIGHT.
WEIGHTLESS.
TIMELESS.



PASSING
BEYOND
THE VEILS
OF LIFE AND
DEATH...



MOVING TOWARDS
THE DAWNING
LIGHT, LEAVING
THE FADING
SHADOWS OF THE
PAST BEHIND...



IS THIS
HOW IT
FEELS...



...TO BE
BORN
AGAIN?

WH-
WHERE
AM
I?

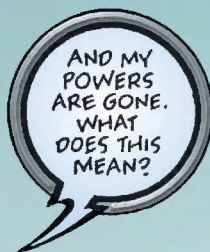




WHAT'S THIS...?

THE SIGIL. THE SYMBOL OF MY SERVITUDE TO MALEBOLGIA. MY LINK TO HELL.

IT'S... DEAD.



AND MY POWERS ARE GONE. WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

THE AIR IS FRAGRANT, SUN-LIGHT STREAMING THROUGH THE HEAVY, POLLEN-DUSTED AIR.



IN THE DISTANCE, A THOUSAND BIRDSONGS HARMONIZE INTO AN IMPROMPTU SYMPHONY. LIFE SPRINGS FORTH FROM EVERY INCH OF THIS DEEP, RICH EARTH.

AMID THIS RIPE GREEN ENVIRONMENT, SPAWN MOVES LIKE A SHADOW THROUGH A DREAM.

AND SOMEHOW, HIS DARK HEART IS LIFTED. THIS FEELS RIGHT. THIS FEELS LIKE HOME.



HE ALLOWS HIMSELF TO FEEL AS HE HASN'T FELT IN FAR TOO LONG:

FREE.

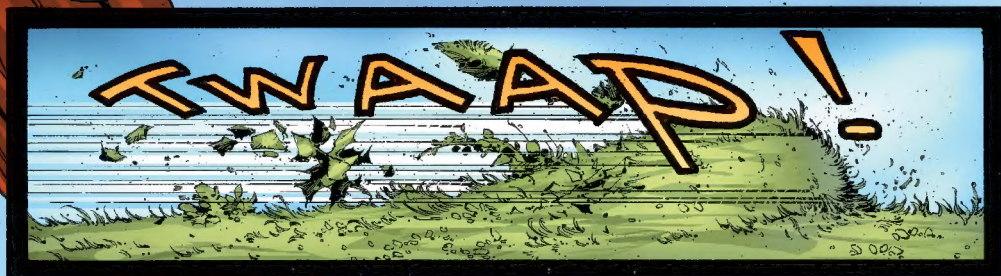
AT PEACE.





I DON'T UNDER-
STAND...
AM I...
IS THIS...

... IS THIS
HEAVEN?



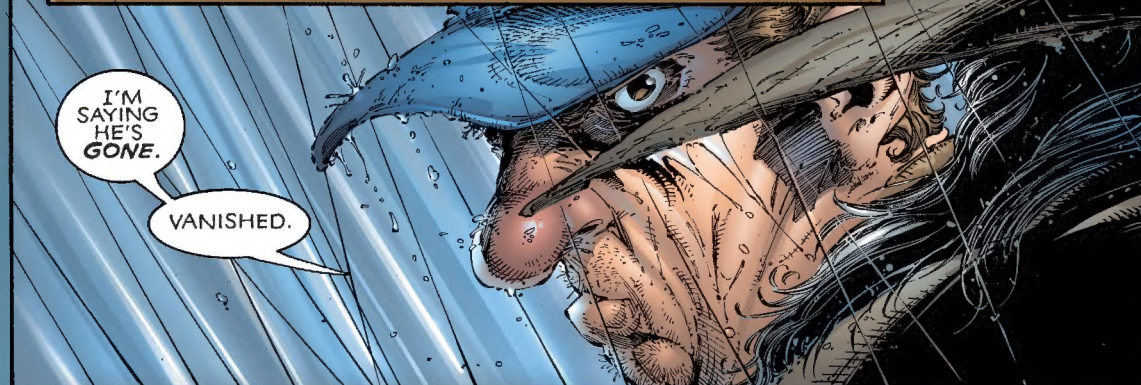
NO,
HELLSPAWN.
THIS IS NOT
HEAVEN.

THIS IS
PARADISE!

AND
YOU
ARE A
VIPER
IN OUR
GARDEN!



KRAK-A-THOR!





Kaff
Kaff!

BOOTS...
WHAT
THE HELL'S
GOING
ON?



ONE
MINUTE
IT'S HOTTER'N
HADES AND THE
NEXT MINUTE
I'M WAITING
FOR AN *ARK*
TO GO BY.

ALL THIS
RAIN WASHED
US OUTTA OUR
BOXES. GOT NO
PLACE TO
SLEEP.

YEAH.

FRIGGIN'
RAIN.



BOBBY...
GUYS... LISTEN.
THERE'S SOMETHING
GOING ON THAT I
CAN'T EXPLAIN, AND
I'M NOT SURE HOW
IT'S GOING TO END.
BUT IT'S PRETTY
SERIOUS.

I DON'T
WANT TO
SCARE
ANYONE BUT
I HAVE TO
ASK...



AK, KNOCK
IT OFF, BOOTS...
SAVE THE CHURCH
TALK FOR THE OLD
LADIES AT THE
SOUP KITCHEN.

ARE YOU
READY TO MEET
YOUR END? DO
YOU HAVE THE
AFFAIRS OF
YOUR *SOUL* IN
ORDER?



ME, I'M
JUST
TRYIN'
TO KEEP
WARM.

Kaff!

BOBBY,
I'M DEADLY
SERIOUS HERE.
THERE MAY
NOT BE MUCH
TIME.



SUBURBAN QUEENS.

DAMN.

YOU SHOULD SEE THIS, HONEY. IT'S REALLY COMING DOWN. NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE--

TERRY!

TERRY, COME QUICK. IT'S

CYAN!



WANDA, WHAT'S WRONG?!

HONEY, WHAT IS IT?

CYAN. SHE'S HAVING ONE OF THOSE SEIZURES AGAIN.



COMEBACK... COMEBACK... COMEBACK... PLEASE COMEBACK...



MR. *SIMMONS*,
I PRESUME.

WHO
ARE
YOU?



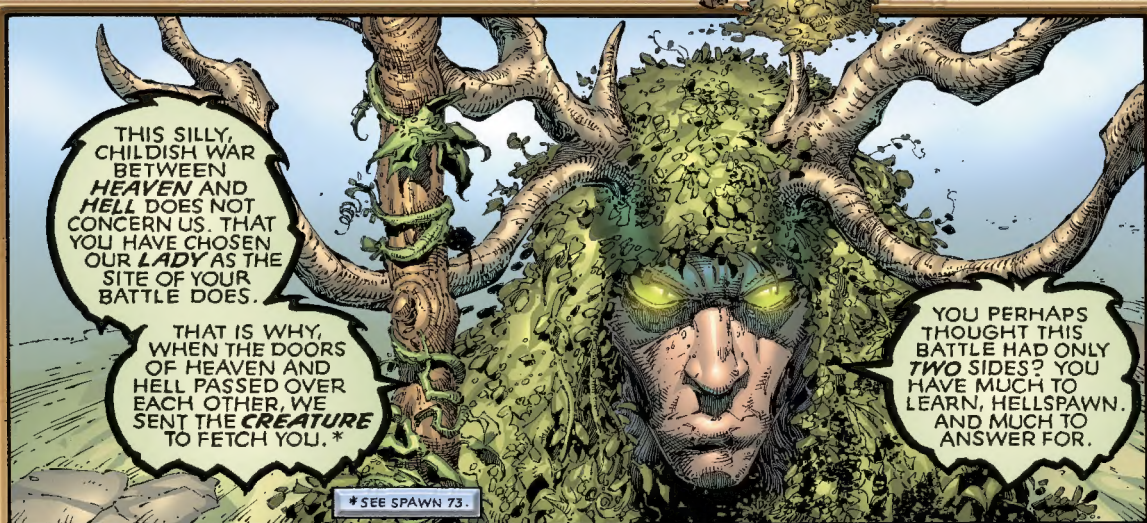
I AM CALLED
THE *KEEPER*, A
CHILD OF THE
GREENWORLD.
I SPEAK FOR THE
EMERALD
PARLIAMENT.

DO NOT
BOTHR TO
STRUGGLE. THE POWERS
OF *HELL* HAVE NO
PURCHASE HERE. YOUR
FATE IS ENTIRELY
IN OUR HANDS.



WHAT DO YOU
WANT WITH ME.

THAT
REMAINS TO
BE DECIDED.
YOU AND YOUR
KIND ARE A
THREAT TO US.
ONE WHICH
WE WILL NOT
TOLERATE.

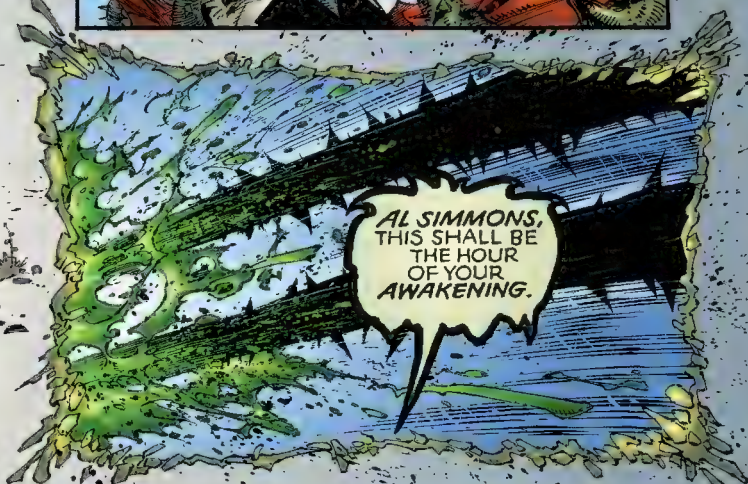
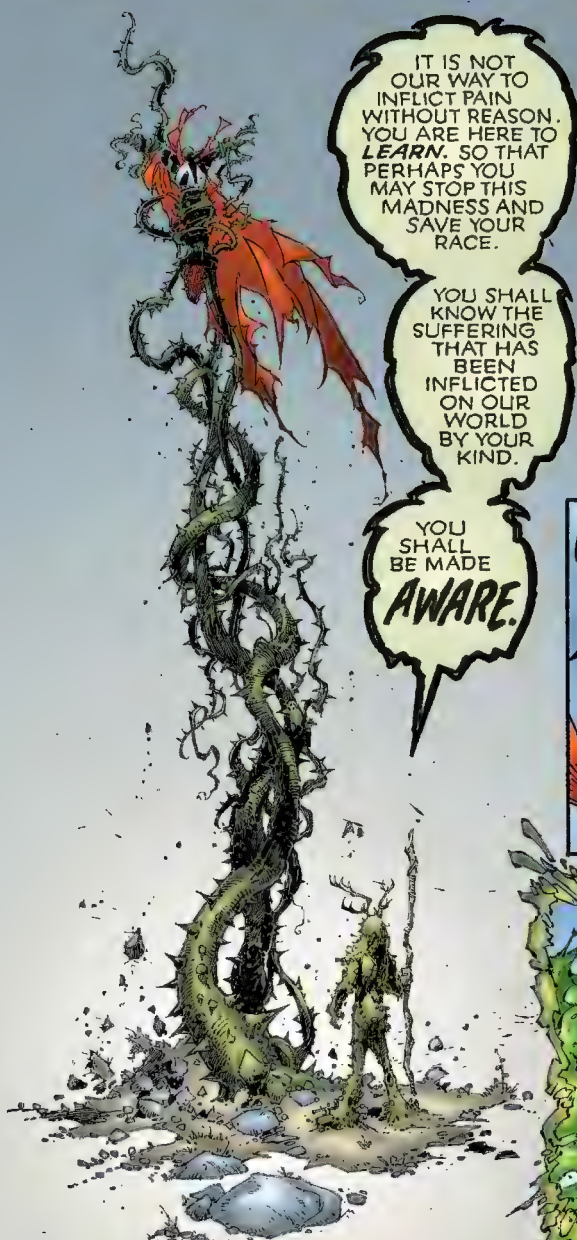
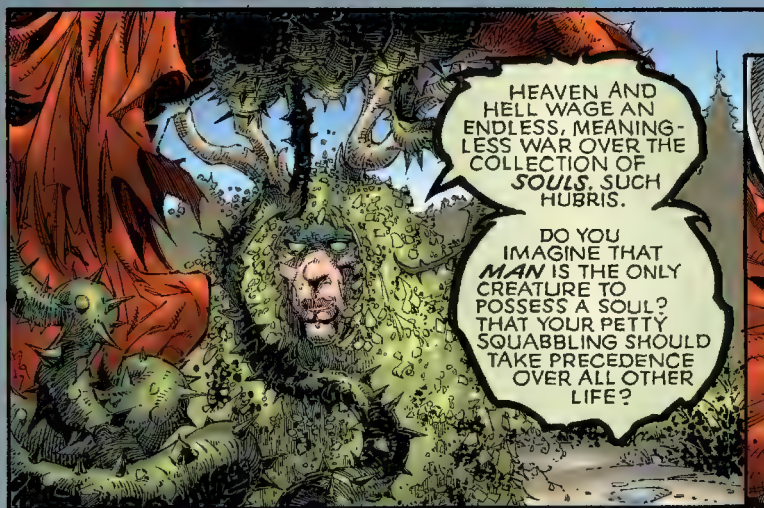


THIS SILLY,
CHILDISH WAR
BETWEEN
HEAVEN AND
HELL DOES NOT
CONCERN US. THAT
YOU HAVE CHOSEN
OUR *LADY* AS THE
SITE OF YOUR
BATTLE DOES.

THAT IS WHY,
WHEN THE DOORS
OF *HEAVEN* AND
HELL PASSED OVER
EACH OTHER, WE
SENT THE *CREATURE*
TO FETCH YOU.*

YOU PERHAPS
THOUGHT THIS
BATTLE HAD ONLY
TWO SIDES? YOU
HAVE MUCH TO
LEARN, *HELLSPAWN*.
AND MUCH TO
ANSWER FOR.

*SEE SPAWN 73.



THE ORDEAL BEGINS.

BOUND TO THE THORNY CROSS,
SLENDER TENDRILS AND STOUT
TAPROOTS BURROW INTO SPAWN'S
NECROPLASMIC FLESH.

THEY TRACE SPIDERWEB
TRAILS THROUGH THE
CORE OF HIS BEING,
A STRANGE EMERALD
COMMUNION.

IN VIOLENT CONVULSIONS, IMAGES FROM HIS
LIFE CRASH UPON THE SHORES OF MEMORY.

OLD FRIENDS AND LOST LOVES.
ENEMIES AND ALLIES. VICTORIES,
LOSSES AND BETRAYALS.



FOR THE FIRST
TIME, HE UNDER-
STANDS WHAT
HE TRULY IS:
A POISON STONE
CAST INTO A
PRISTINE POOL.

HIS MERE EXISTENCE
HAS SENT DEADLY
RIPPLES OUT INTO THE
WORLD, SO MANY
LIVES CAUGHT IN
HIS BLOODY WAKE.

NOTHING
HAS BEEN AN
ACCIDENT

THE SCENE SHIFTS.
A PORTENT OF
THINGS TO COME.

TWO ARMIES POISED FOR ONE
LAST, GREAT BATTLE. ONE WHICH
THREATENS TO SHAKE THIS
DELICATE, MOSSY STONE
CALLED EARTH TO PIECES.

HE UNDERSTANDS NOW THAT THERE IS A
THIRD POWER BEYOND HEAVEN AND HELL,
THIS REALM OF THE GREENWORLD.

A PLANET, ALIVE AND SENTIENT,
TEEMING WITH LIFE FORMS OF
EVERY IMAGINABLE DESCRIPTION,
AT THE MERCY OF ONE RECKLESS,
ARROGANT SPECIES.

SPAWN CAN FEEL THIS WORLD'S ANGUISH.
THE TOXIC WASH OF HER SEAS, THE OPEN
WOUNDS THAT CUT THRU HER ONCE LUSH
FORESTS.

EVEN THE NURTURING RAIN NOW
BRINGS A POISONOUS KISS.



SHE CANNOT ALLOW THIS
BATTLE TO COME TO PASS.
SHE WILL ELIMINATE THE
PRIZE BEFORE THE BATTLE
BEGINS, RENDER THE
CONTEST MOOT.

A NEW STRAIN OF ROGUE
MICROBES CAST OUT ON
THE SUMMER WIND, A FEW
DEGREES CHANGE IN
TEMPERATURE IN EITHER
DIRECTION...

...AND THERE WILL
BE NO HUMANS'
SOULS OVER
WHICH TO VIE FOR
POSSESSION

AND THEN A FINAL VISION.

A RADIANT FIGURE,
RISING LIKE A PHOENIX
FROM THE ASHES OF
FOLLY, BRINGING AN
END TO THE WAR
BETWEEN HEAVEN
AND HELL.

FORGING A NEW PEACE,
A NEW DESTINY.

A MIDDLE PATH
BEYOND PAIRS
OF OPPOSITES.

AND THEN THE
VISIONS SHIMMER
AND FADE, LIKE
SHEETS OF RAIN
ON GLASS.

ECHOING
ACROSS
WORLDS.



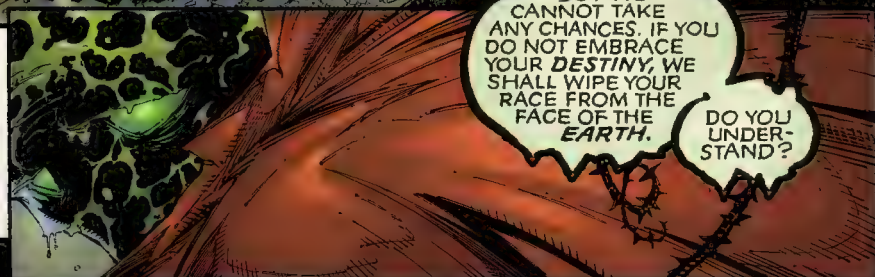


THE SITUATION IS **GRAVE**. YOU ARE AT A **CROSS-ROADS**, HELL-SPAWN.

YOU ARE AT THE CENTER OF THIS GREAT WAR. BUT YOU ARE **MORE** THAN THEY HAVE TOLD YOU.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

IT IS WITHIN YOU TO STAVE OFF THIS BATTLE.



BUT WE CANNOT TAKE ANY CHANCES. IF YOU DO NOT EMBRACE YOUR **DESTINY**, WE SHALL WIPE YOUR RACE FROM THE FACE OF THE **EARTH**.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



DO YOU UNDERSTAND? IT'S NOT HELL THAT HOLDS SPAWN PRISONER! THIS IS MOTHER NATURE STRIKING BACK!

Oh, IS THAT ALL? FOR A SECOND THERE I WAS WORRIED IT WAS SOMETHING **BAD**.

YOUR INSOLENCE IS NOT HELPING, COGLIOSTRO.



BOOTSY, I AIN'T FEELING TOO WELL. SOMETHING HAS REALLY GONE WRONG, HASN'T IT?



WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. PLEASE... GIVE ME SOME ROOM.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

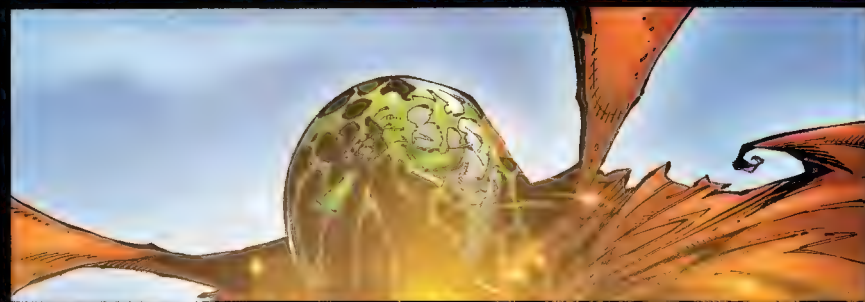
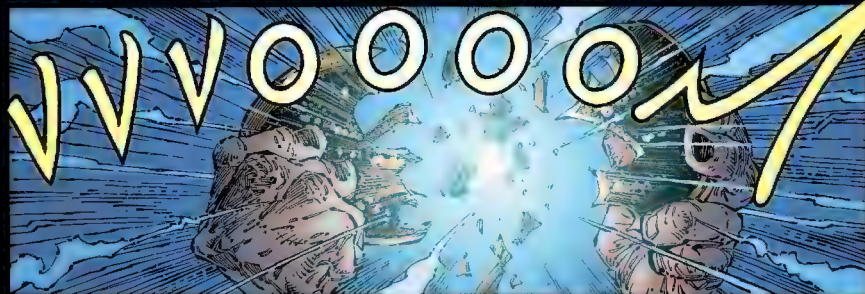
SACRIFICING
FOR ANOTHER.

SOMETHING
YOU WOULDN'T
UNDERSTAND.

I JUST
PRAY
THIS
WORKS.

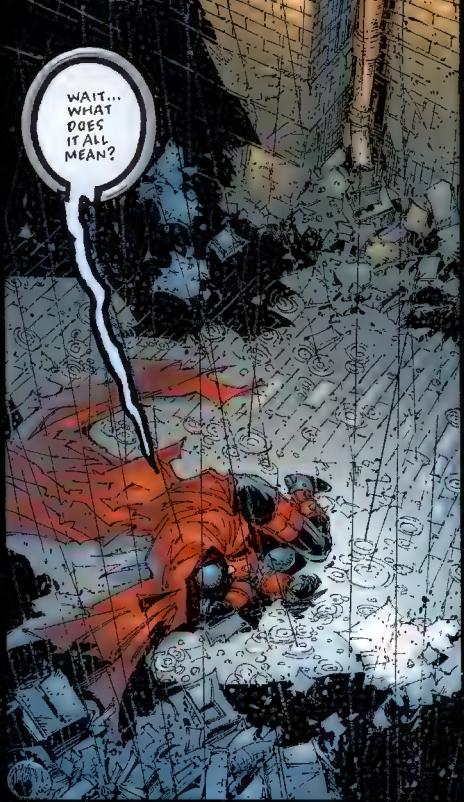
*Stacy
Wyle
+ yep
BWS*

YOU WILL
KNOW THE
SOUL OF YOUR
WORLD BETTER
NOW, HELLSPAWN.
I DOUBT IT IS
A GIFT YOU
WILL BE
GLAD OF.



CYAN?

HOME.



WAIT...
WHAT
DOES
IT ALL
MEAN?



I'LL BE
DAMNED.
IT WORKED.

IT'S
GONNA BE
ALL RIGHT NOW,
BUDDY.

BOOTS...
IS THAT YOU?
OH GOD,
I DIDN'T
KNOW...

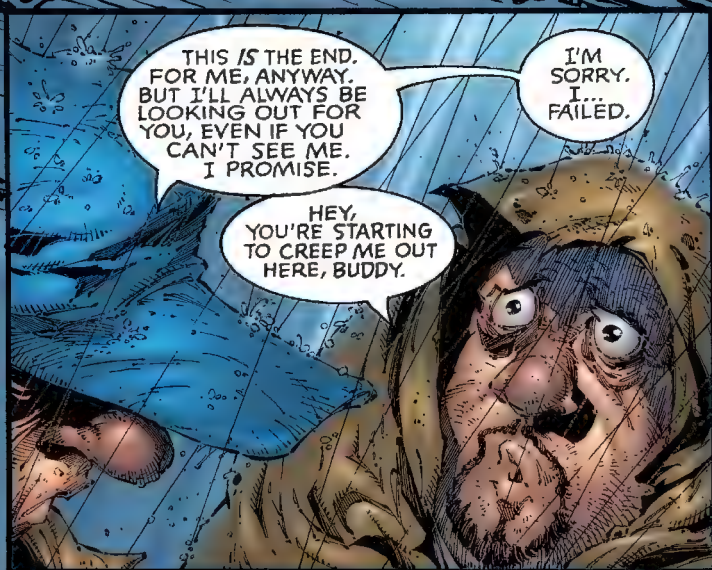
HANG
IN THERE.
YOU'RE
GONNA BE
OKAY. COG, SEE
TO HIM.

HOW
DID YOU
DO THAT?

BOBBY, LISTEN TO ME.
I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. I'M
GOING TO HAVE TO GO AWAY.
I'LL MISS YOU. YOU TAUGHT
ME SOME IMPORTANT
LESSONS.

YOU TAUGHT ME TO LOVE
HUMANITY, NOT JUST **OBSERVE**
IT. YOU TAUGHT ME WHAT FRIEND-
SHIP IS. I THANK YOU. PLEASE,
TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

BOOTS...
WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT? YOU
CAN'T LEAVE!
WE'RE A TEAM,
REMEMBER?
PALS TILL THE
END.



THIS IS THE END.
FOR ME, ANYWAY.
BUT I'LL ALWAYS BE
LOOKING OUT FOR
YOU, EVEN IF YOU
CAN'T SEE ME.
I PROMISE.

I'M
SORRY.
I...
FAILED.

HEY,
YOU'RE STARTING
TO CREEP ME OUT
HERE, BUDDY.

THEY'RE
HERE.






BELAZIKKAL!
YOU HAVE BROKEN
THE COVENANT OF
ANGELIC COUNCIL.
YOU HAVE INTERFERED
IN THE LIVES OF
MORTALS.

YOU
HAVE GIVEN AID
TO THE RENEGADE
HELLSPAWN.

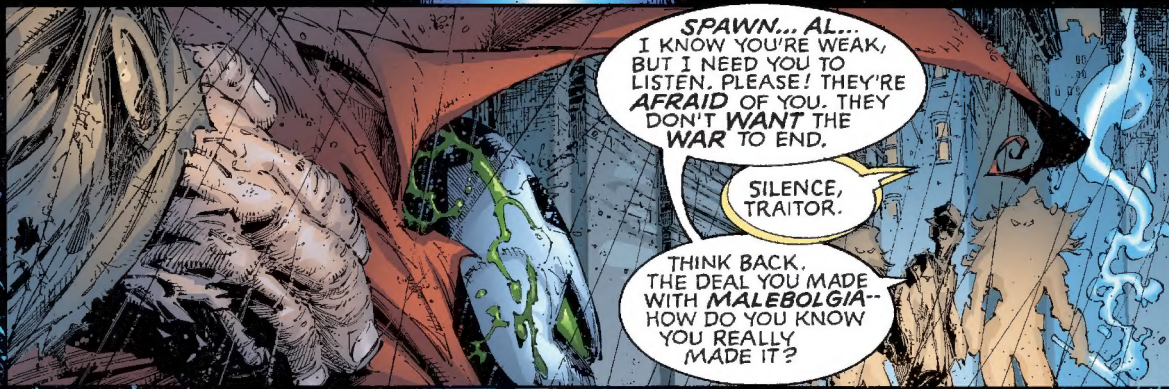
YOU ARE
UNWORTHY OF
THE NAME OF
ANGEL! YOU
SHALL COME
WITH US AND
FACE THE
**SERAPHIC
TRIBUNAL!**



**JEEZUS
H. CHRIST!**
WHAT'S
GOING
ON?!



I DID ONLY
WHAT I THOUGHT
WAS RIGHT. I CAN
DO NO MORE.



SPAWN... AL...
I KNOW YOU'RE WEAK,
BUT I NEED YOU TO
LISTEN. PLEASE! THEY'RE
AFRAID OF YOU. THEY
DON'T WANT THE
WAR TO END.

SILENCE,
TRAITOR.

THINK BACK.
THE DEAL YOU MADE
WITH MALEBOLGIA--
HOW DO YOU KNOW
YOU REALLY
MADE IT?



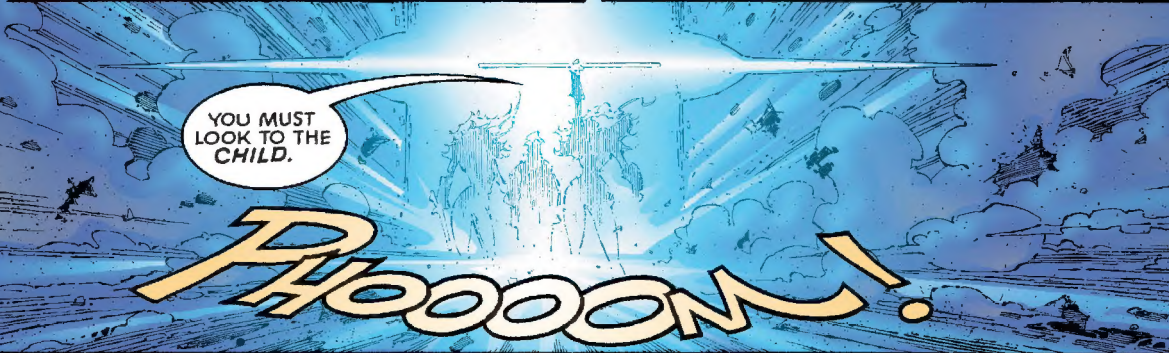
WHAT?
I WAS
THERE... I
REMEMBER
IT...



BUT
HOW DO
YOU
KNOW?

SILENCE!

THERE WILL
COME A CHILD,
AL SIMMONS.



YOU MUST
LOOK TO THE
CHILD.

PHOOOON!



No!!
BOOTSY!
COME BACK!
AL! DO SOME-
THING!

A
CHILD...?

IS THIS HOW IT FEELS?

*TO BE CAST OUT OF
PARADISE...*

*... TO BE
ABANDONED TO
A DARKNESS
OF YOUR OWN
MAKING?*

*TOO WEAK
EVEN TO STAND,
SPAWN SHUDDERS
IN THE DIM LIGHT
OF THE ALLEYS,
THE WEIGHT OF
WORLDS UPON
HIS SHOULDERS.*

*AND THEN THE
VOICES COME.
THOUSANDS OF
VOICES ECHOING
THROUGH HIS HEAD.*

*FULL OF DESPERATION.
FEAR. HATRED.
FROM EVERY
CORNER OF THE CITY,
THEY SCREAM AT HIM.*

*SO MANY THAT
THEY THREATEN
TO DROWN HIM.*

*THE KEEPER'S WORDS
CAME BACK TO HAUNT
HIM: "YOU WILL KNOW
THE SOUL OF YOUR
WORLD BETTER NOW,
HELLSPAWN."*

*"I DOUBT IT IS A GIFT
YOU WILL BE GLAD OF."*

*THE PAIN OF THE CITY
IS ALIVE.*

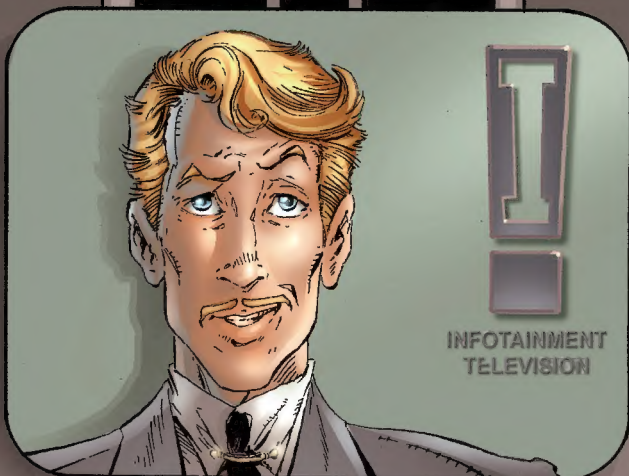
*AND IT IS CALLING
OUT TO HIM.*



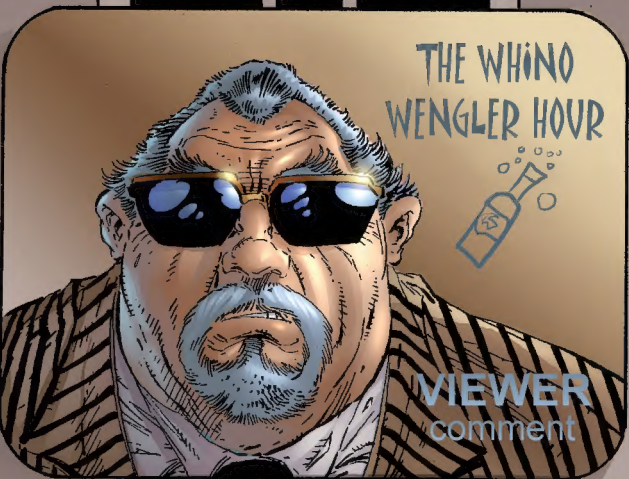


...FOLLOWING DAYS OF UNSEASON-
ABLE AND SOMETIMES DEADLY
HIGH TEMPERATURES, A VOLLEY OF
THUNDERSTORMS STRUCK THE
GREATER NEW YORK AREA YESTER-
DAY. RESIDENTS WERE CAUGHT COM-
pletely UNPREPARED AND PROPERTY
DAMAGE TOTALS ARE EXPECTED TO
BE WELL INTO THE MILLIONS OF
DOLLARS. THE GOVERNOR IS CONSID-
ERING PETITIONING WASHINGTON FOR
FEDERAL DISASTER RELIEF.

MEANWHILE, CLIMATOLOGISTS ARE
STILL AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THESE
EXTREMES IN WEATHER, PROMPTING
SEVERAL ENVIRONMENTAL GROUPS
TO CALL FOR STEPPED-UP INVESTIGA-
TIONS INTO GLOBAL WARMING,
SPECIFICALLY THE EFFECTS OF
POLLUTION ON WORLD CLIMATE.



AT CENTRAL PARK'S SHAKESPEARE
FESTIVAL YESTERDAY, IT WAS A
CLEAR CASE OF LIFE TAKING STAGE
DIRECTIONS FROM ART. DURING
THE PERFORMANCE OF 'KING LEAR',
AN ACTUAL TEMPEST BROKE OUT
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
FAMOUS "STORM UPON THE
HEATH" SCENE. AFTER THE HEAVY
DOWNPOUR NEARLY SWEEPED THE
ACTORS FROM THE STAGE AND
LIGHTNING STRUCK THE RIGGINGS,
THE PRODUCTION WAS SHUT
DOWN. ACTRESS TARA BYRNE,
WHO PORTRAYED CORDELIA,
JOKINGLY REFERRED TO THE INCIDENT
AS "THE MOTHER OF ALL BAD
REVIEWS". STORM, RAGE THY BELLY
FULL.



SO TELL ME IF YOU SEE A *PATTERN*
HERE: A CATHOLIC NUN GOES ON A
KNIFE-WIELDING RAMPAGE AT THE
CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE
HEART, SEVERELY WOUNDING THREE
OF HER FELLOW DEVOTEES BEFORE
BEING RESTRAINED. CLAIMING SHE
WAS POSSESSED BY "THE DEVIL",
SHE THREW HERSELF OFF A *THIRD*
STORY BALCONY BEFORE
AUTHORITIES COULD ARRIVE. AND
YESTERDAY, A 41-YEAR-OLD
ARBITRAGE BANKER SPOUTED SOME
GIBBERISH ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE
AND THEN BLEW HIS *BRAINS* OUT
IN FRONT OF A CARLOAD OF FELLOW
SUBWAY PASSENGERS. IS THIS MORE
OF THE SO-CALLED 'MILLENNIUM
FEVER' OR ARE THESE PEOPLE ON
TO SOMETHING?





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE